JEFFERSONIAN REPUBLICAN.

THE WHOLE ART OF GOVERNMENT CONSISTS IN THE ART OF BEING HONEST.—JEFFERSON.

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The Academy Bell.

The Academy bell, the Academy bell,
How I love of its cheerful tones to tell,
Its echos resounding far and wide,
From the silvery dome to the green hill side;
And the toll borne on by the breezes cool
Tells the passer by, 'tis the hour for school;
Rest from your play, for ye know full well,
Why thus gently rings the Academy bell.

The minds of youths, like the tender vine,
That seeks support from the aged pine;
The seeds of knowledge are planted there,
And watered and nurtured till fruits appear;
But list! we know by the merry shout,
And ringing laugh, that school is out.
A moment more and the breezes swell,
The tones of the old Academybell.

Many, oh many have passed away,
Like the setting sun at close of day,
Oh like the clouds that flock at even,
Mid the spangled arch of yon blue heaven.
Once they were happy and young as we,
With hearts as gay and fancy free.
But their spirits have gone with the Blest to dwell,
No more to hear the Academy bell.

Should we not sudden to think of their doom,
Cut down amid their youthful bloom?
Yet time will speed on with its fleeting wings,
To close the source of lifes flowing springs
And our souls shall mount on with the wings of love,
And communion hold with the souls above,
But our bodies shall rest in the graves deep cell,
Far from the sound of the Academy bell.

GAMBLING.—But few people are aware of the extent of the practice of this evil in our city and the vast amount of money lost and won through it. There are many resident gamblers here who count their money in bank by thousands, and who stake large amounts upon a game.—We heard of an instance, which showes the extent to which gamblers sometimes go. Two experienced gamesters tested their skill with each other, and after playing all night, one rose from the table loser $11,000. The next evening they went at it again, and in the morning one of the two was loser, during the night, *thirty-six thousand dollars*! He gave a check for the money and did not grumble at the loss.—Cincinnati Times.

"Write."

A San Francisco correspondent of the New York Tribune says:—"I have seen much of home travel, and noted the conduct of strangers. Only in California, however is the intenest love of "Home" to be witnessed.—The poor fellows here think but lightly of standing for hours at the Post Office (five lines of them on general delivery,) rain or shine, to get a few lines from some loved hand; and for a whole week or more after each arrival the office, is in a state of siege. If friends at home could see the blank despairing looks which I have seen there, when disappointed, I feel sure that all who owe the duty of a letter, would *never* fail to fulfil it. Write, friends, write; the fainting sinking spirit, may sometimes receive new life from your kindly thoughts.—Thousands find this a weary land. Cheer them; loved ones at home, you can do it. Many have said to me, "do tell this for us!" Let every delinquent who may read this be warned.

☞ "Prentice's last" is certainly his sharpest. A political opponent wrote as follows:—"We feel that we can go forward to our destination with nothing to obstruct our progress." Whereupon Prentice says—"We suppose you can—the New York papers say that the obstructions at Hell Gate have all been removed."

☞ Natur' is natur', and will show itself. It is as impossible to ride along side of a woman in a railroad car without getting your arm around her neck, as it is to look at strawberries without wishing for loaf sugar and cream.

☞ It is a custom in Demark to keep the graves covered with white sand, on which are placed wreaths and flower pots.

☞ A curiosity, in the shape of natural "gas works, has been discovered in Holmes county, Ohio.

☞ Never utter what is false, nor hesitate to speak what is true.

The Unity of the Human Race.

We quote the following from Mr. Everett's recent speech before the Colonization Society, upon the alleged natural inferiority of the African race. His reasoning is eloquent, and his facts unanswerable:

I am aware that doubts are entertained of the practicability of the work (the civilization of Africa), founded in part on the supposed incapacity of the civilized men of color in this country to carry on an undertaking of this kind, and partly on the supposed hopeless barbarism of the native races, which is thought by some persons to be so gross as to defy the approach of improvement. I believe both opinions to be erroneous. It would, I think, be unjust to urge as a proof of the intellectual inferiority of the civilized men of color in this country that they have not made intellectual progress. It appears to me that they have done quite as much as could be expected under the circumstances in which they have been placed. What branch of the European family, if held in that same condition for three centuries, would not be subject to the same reproach?

Mr. Jefferson, in his Notes on Virginia, urges the intellectual inferiority of the African race, as existing in the United States. He might have been led to doubt the justice of his conclusions by reflecting that in the very same work he thinks it necessary to vindicate the race to which we ourselves belong from a charge of degeneracy made by an ingenious French writer.

Why, sir, it is but a short time since we Anglo Americans were habitually spoken of by our own brethern in England, as a degenerate and inferior race. Within thirty years it has been contemptously asked in the liberal journals of Europe, in reference to the natives of the country of Franklin, and Washington, and Adams and Marshall, and Madison, of Irving, Prescott, Brancroft, Ticknor, Bryant, and Longfellow—Who reads an American Book? In the face of facts like these, it becomes us to be somewhat cautious in setting down the color race in America as one of hopeless inferiority.

Again, sir, it is doubted whether there is in the native races of Africa a basis of improvability, if I may use that word, in which a hope of their future civilization can be grounded. It is said that they alone, of all the tribes of the earth, have shown themselves incapable of improving their condition. Well, sir, who knows the early history of our race? We know very little of it in any part of the globe. A dark cloud hangs over it. The whole north and west of Europe tell that when Roman civilization shone in upon it, it was as benighted as Africa is now. It is quite certain that at a very early period of the history of the world, some of the native races of Africa had attained a high degree of culture. Such was the case of the ancient Egyptians, a dark colored race, though not of what we call the negro type. They are considered the parents of much of the civilization of the Greeks, and indeed of the whole world.—As late as the fifth century before the Christian era, Plato passed thirteen years in studying these sacred records. The massive monuments of their cheerless culture have withstood the storms of time better than the more graceful creations of Grecian art. Races that emerged from barbarism later than those of Africa have, with fearful vicissitude on the part of individual States, acquired and maintained a supremacy over Africa; but I am not prepared to say that it rests on natural causes of a final and abiding character. We are led into error by contemplating things too much in the gross.—There are tribes in Africa which have made no contemptible progress in various branches of human improvement. On the other hand, if we look closely at the condition of the mass of population in Europe, from Lisbon to Archangel, from the Hebrides to the Black Sea; if we turn from the few who possess wealth or competence, education, culture and that lordship over nature and all her forces which belongs to instructed mind—if we turn from these to the benighted, destitute, oppressed, superstitious, abject millions whose lives are passed in the hopeless toils of the field, the mine, whose inheritance is beggary, whose education is stolid ignorance—at whose daily table hunger and thirst are the stewards, whose rare festivity is brutal intemperance—if we could count their numbers—gather into one aggregate their destitution of the joys of life, and thus estimate the full extent of the practical barbarism of the nominally civilized world, we should be inclined perhaps to doubt the essential superiority of the present improved European race.

If it be essentially superior, why did it remain so long unimproved? The Africans, you say, persevered in their original barbarism for five thousand years.—Well, the Anglo-Saxon race did the same thing for nearly 4000 years. And, in the great chronology of Providence, a thousand years are as but one day. A little more than ten centuries ago, and our ancestors were not more civilized than some of the African tribes of the present day. They were a savage, warlike people—pirates by sea bandits on shore, enslaved by the darkest superstitions, worshipping divinities as dark and cruel as themselves. The slave trade was carried on in Great Britain, 800 years ago, as ruthlessly as upon the coast of Africa at the present day. But it pleased Divine Providence to pour the light of Christianity upon this midnight darkness, by degree; and civilization, law, liberty, letters, art came in; and at the end of eight centuries, we talk of the essential, inborn superiority of the Anglo-Saxon race, and look down with disdain on those portions of the human family who have lagged a little behind us in the march of civilization. Sir, at the present day Africa is not the abode of utter barbarism. Here, again, we do not discriminate; we judge in the gross. Some of her tribes are, indeed, hopelessly broken down by internal wars and the foreign slave trade.—And the situation of the whole continent is exceedingly adverse to any progress in culture.

But they are not savages. The mass of the population live by agriculture.—There is some trafic between the cost and the interior. There is a rude architecture. Gold dust collected and coin is smelted—weapons and utensils of husbandry and household use, are wrought.—Cloth is manufactured. Palm Oil is expressed. Schools are taught among the Mahometan tribes. The Koran is read. I have seen a native African in this city who had passed forty years of his life as a slave in the fieldwho at the age of seventy wrote the Arabic character with the elegance of a scribe; and Mungo Park tells us that law suits are argued with much ability, fluency, and as much length in the interior of Africa as at Edinburgh. I certainly am aware that the condition of the most advanced tribes of Central Africa is wretched, mainly in consequence of the slave trade, which exists among them in the most deplorable form. The only wonder is, that with this cancer eating into their vitals from age to age, any degree of civilization can exist.

But I think it may be said without exaggeration that, degraded as are the ninety millions of Africans, ninety millions exist in Europe, to which each country contributes her quota, not much degraded. The difference is—and certainly an all important difference—that in Europe, intermingled with those ninety millions, are fifteen or twenty millions possessed of all degrees of culture, up to the very highest; while in Africa there is not an individual who according to our standard, has attained a high degree of intellectual cultivation. But if obvious causes for this can be shown, it is unphilosophical to infer from it an essential incapacity.

But all doubts of the capacity of the African race for self-government, and of their improvability under favorable circumstances, seem to me to be removed by what we witness in the present day, both in our own country and on the coast of that continent. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of their condition in this country, specimens of intellectuality—the talent for writing and speaking, capacity for business, for the ingenious and mechanical arts for accounts, for the ordinary branches of academical learning—have been exhibited by our colored brethern, which would do no discredit to Anglo Saxons. Paul Cuffer, well recollected in New England, was a person of great energy. His father was an African slave; his mother an Indian of the Elizabeth Islands in Massachusetts. I have already alluded to the extraordinary attainments of Abderrahman. A man of better manners, or more respectable appearance, I never saw. The learned blacksmith of Alabama, now in Liberia, has attained a celebrity scarcely inferior to that of his white brother, known by the same designation. I frequently attended the examinations at a school in Cambridge, at which Beverly Williams was a pupil. Two youths from Georgia and a son of my own were his fellow pupils. Beverly was a born slave in Mississippi, and apparently of pure African blood. He was one of the best scholars, perhaps the best Latin scholar, in his class. These are indications of intelectual ability afforded under discouraging circumstances at home. On the coast of Africa, as it appears to me, the success of Liberia—the creation of this Society—ought to put to rest all doubts on this question.

The affairs of that interessing settlement, under great difficulties and discouragements, have been managed with a discretion and energy, and I must say—all things considered—with a success which authorize the most favorable inferences as to the capacity of the colored races for self-government. It is about thirty years since the settlement began, and I think it must be allowed that its progress will compare very favorably with that of Virginia or Plymouth after an equal length of time. They have established a well organized constitution of republican government. It is administered with ability. The Courts of Justice are modelled after our own. They have schools and churches. The soil is tilled—the country is explored—the natives are civilized. The slave trade is abolished, and a friendly intercourse established with foreign powers, and England and France have acknowledged their independent sovereignity.—Would a handful of Anglo-Americans, from the humblest class of society, have done beter than this?

Washing Sheep.

A few years since, when the subject of temperance was being freely discussed, the citizens of a little town in the western part of Massachusetts, called a meeting to talk over the matter. There had never been a temperance society in that place, but after some little discussion, it was voted to form one. They drew up a pledge of total abstinence, and agreed that if any member of the society broke it, he should be turned out.

Before the pledge was accepted, Deacon D. arose and said he had one objection to it; he thought that Thanksgiving day ought to be free for the members to take something, as he could relish his dinner much better at this festival if he took a glass of wine.

Mr. L. thought that the pledge was not perfect. He did'nt care anything about Thanksgiving but his family always made a great account of Christmas, and he cold'nt think of sitting down to dinner then without something to drink. He was willing to give it up on all other days, and, in fact, that was the only time when he cared anything about it.

Mr. B. next arose, and said he agreed with the other speakers except the time. He didn't think much of Thanksgiving or Chrismas, though he liked a litte any time. There was one day, however, when he must have it, and that was the Fourth of July. He always calculated upon having a 'regular drink' on that occasion, and he wouldn't sign the pledge if it prevented him from celebrating Independence.

Squire S., an old farmer, followed Mr. B. He was not in the habit of taking anything often, but must have some when he washed his sheep. He would sign the pledge if it would give him the privilege of imbibing when he washed sheep. He considered it dangerous for him to keep his hands in cold water without something to keep him warm inside.

After some consideration it was concluded that each member of the society should take his own occasion to drink—Deacon D. on Thanksgiving, Mr. L. on Christmas, etc. The pledge was signed by a large number, and the society adjourned in a flourishing condition, after voting that it should be the duty of the members to watch each other to see that they did not break the pledge.

The next morning Deacon D. walked into his next neighbor's yard, who, by the way, was Mr. S., the sheep man, wondering, as it was a bitter cold morning, whether S. was up yet. He met his neighbor coming out of the house, and, to his surprise, gloriously drunk, or to use a modern phrase, 'burning a very beautiful kiln.'

'Why S.!' exclaimed the astonished Deacon, 'what does this mean, sir? You have broken your pledge, and disgraced our society and the temperance cause.'

'Not—hic—as you knows on—hic—Deacon,' said S., 'I haven't—hic—broken the pledge, Deacon.'

'Certainly you have, sir, and I shall report you to the society. You agreed not to drink except when you washed sheep. You can not make me think you are going to wash sheep such a cold day as this.'

'F-follow me—hic—Deacon.'

S. started for the barn, and the Deacon followed. On entering the door, the Deacon saw a large wash tub standing on the floor, with an old ram tied to it, the poor animal shaking dreadfully with the cold, and bleating pitifully.

'Hic—there, D-d-deacon,' said S.' pointing to the sheep with an air of triumph, 'that old—hic—ram has been washed s-six times this—hic—morning, and I—hic—ain't done with him—hic—yet.'

It is hardly necessary to say that the Deacon mizzled.

A Bourbon in America.

[In addition to the testimony published last week, from a review of an article in Putnam's Magazin, to show that Rev. Mr. Williams; the Indian Missionary, is a son of Louis XVI. of France, we will add a few collateral circumstances. from *The Tribune*:]

A gentleman, on returning from Europe, in an interview with Mr. Williams threw several Engravings on the table, at the sight of one of which, and without seeing the name, Williams was greatly excited, and cried out, "Great God, I know that face. It has haunted me thro' life." It proved to be the portrait of Simon, the jailor of the Dauphin.

The names of all the other children of his reputed mother are inscribed in the Catholic Baptismal Register at Cagnawaga, following so closely at intervals of two years between each, that Williams, whose name does not occur, could scarcely have been her son.

In 1848 Mr. Belanger, a French gentleman who died at New Orleans, confessed on his death-bed that he was the person who brought the Dauphin to this country, and placed him among the Indians of the northern part of the State of New-York.

A French gentleman, hearing the story, read a printed account of the Dauphin to Williams, in which it was stated that the jailer one day, being angry with the child, snatched a towel that was hanging on a nail, and drawing out the nail with it, inflicted two wounds upon his face, one over the left eye and the other on the left side of the nose. On examining Williams' face the scars were found on the spots indicated in the memoir.

It is stated that the Dauphin died of Scrofula, and that the disease was on his knees, and the marks of Scrofula are plainly visible on the knees of Mr. Williams.

The French Ambassador Genet acknowledged in 1817, before Dr. Francis and others, that the Dauphin was alive in this country.

Boxes of clothing and medals of Louis XVI, and Maria Antoinette were left with the child, one of which is still in Mr. Willam's possession.

Such are the prominent facts in this singular history, which, to say the least, is equal in interest to the Man in the Iron Mask or Caspar Hauser.

[The New York *Sun* pronounces the story altogether absurd, and says that had the Dauphin been living, being the legitimate Sovereign of France, he would have been produced by the royalists of France on the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, or subsequently by Tallerrand, Metternich or Messelrode. The Tribune says the story seems incredible, and the whole question pivots on the story of Mr. Williams' interview with the Prince de Joinville, which needs corroboration.—The narrative is ranked with the celebrated Moon Hoax.]—*Ed. M. Chunh Gaz.*

Taken at his Offer.

The editor of the Waterford Sentinel lately published the following:

We shall insert no marriage notice, unless accompanied by the sum of one dollar.—*Exchange.*

We shall insert all such notices for a kiss of the bride.—*Waterford Sentiniel.*

A few days after, a plump looking colored girl entered his office for the purpose of informing her friends, and the colored gentry generally, that she had taken to herself one Sambo, 'for better or for worser.' The editor replied that he should have to charge her 25 cts. She hesitated a moment, and then opening a paper, pointed to the article in question. The editor blushed, and the bride turned *pale*, but whether they kissed deponent sayeth not.

AN APT RETORT.—A beautiful Jewess attended a party in New-York, where she was excessively anoyed by a vulgar, impertinent fellow.

'And you never eat pork, Miss M.?' asked he, tauntingly.

'Never, sir,' was the reply.

'Nor use lard lamps?' continued her persecutor.

'No, sir, she answered; 'our religion teachers us to avoid everything swinish, physically and morally; therefore you will excuse me for declining to have any more words with you.'

☞ A dog that will fetch a bone will take one. No allusion to tattlers.

☞ Injustice cannot exist without agents.

Agricultural.

Work for February.

POULTRY HOUSES.—Give these a complete cleansing; clean out all the nests, white wash the inside as well as the outside of them, and when dry, put in fresh hay—that done, white wash the planks both inside and outside; break up some old mortar for the hens to pick—if you have not any old mortar, provide them with lime where they can have free access to it, besides this, supply them with ashes and sand to dust themselves in, feed them alternately with oats, corn, and buckwheat, and you may reasonable calculate upon an early supply of eggs and spring chickens.

SOWING CLOVER SERD.—Sow over every acre of your land in wheat 12 pounds of clover seed. If the land which you have in wheat has been long in culture without having been limed or marled, you may rationally conclude that it needs a dressing of one of these minerals, so make your arrangements to give it a dressing this fall, as clover does not thrive well in lands where lime is not present.—If you use lime, give to your field 50 bushels per acre, if marl, 100 bushels.

SOWING PLASTER.—As soon as the clover begins to form their leaves in spring is the time to sow plaster over it; so, therefore, make your arrangements to give your clover field a bushel per acre—that quantity will increase the product fifty per cent.

IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS OF HUSBANDRY.—Examine these, *yourself*, and have them put in first rate order. See, too, that you have an ample supply to answer all your farming purposes throughout the season; don't until you want to use an article, but buy at once, and be sure to get the best, and most substantial, as it is always cheapest in the long run.

WONKING ANIMALS.—Let your horses, mules, and oxen receive additional care and food; be sured that they are comfortably stabbled, well bedded, well fed; that they are watered thrice a day, and curried and brushed down night and morning, and that they receive a gill of salt, or an equel quantity of salt, lime, and ashes, three times a week: they should have their food alternated every few days; corn is a good, strong, fattening food, but oats imparts the muscle or flesh to endure labor; they should also occationally receive a pint of flaxseed meal.

BROOD MARES IN FOAL.—Don't permit those to be fed upon hay or fodder alone—give them, daily, grain also, not forgetting that oats is best both for them and the young within them, and be sure to give them thrice a week the same portions of salt, ashes, and lime recommended for the working animals,—and, if possible, let the lime be oyster shell lime.

SPRINGING COWS AND HEIFERS.—See that these are well cared for; that they are comfortably lodged at night, that they receive full supplies of long provender, and as their time of calving approaches near, that they receive mashes in which at least a quart of meal, half a peck of bran, or a peck of crushed cobs, form a part. Give them salt; or salt, ashes, and lime three times a week, and have them regularly watered three times a day.

MILCH COWS.—If you desire flowing pans of milk, you must feed your milch cows with succulent food, and it matters not whether it be rich slops or roots; besides which, give them full allowances of good hay or fodder. Allowances too of salt, ashes and lime, must also be made them.

YOUNG STOCK, OR ALL KINDS.—These must be well fed and cared for during this and the ensuing month. If stinted in their youth they will lack both size and muscle. To assist in the elaboration of their bones provide them thrice a week with a gill of the lime, salt and ashes mixture, but be certain, if you can obtain it that the lime used is made from oyster shells, as that contains nearly two per cent. of bone earth, which will go to assist our young stock in the perfection of their bones.

SHEEP.—See that these are well feed, well cared for, regularly watered and always have a bite of salt to nibble at—that their shed is kept cleanly bedded.—If they are confined to their yard, treat them once a week to pine bows to browse upon. Let the breeding ewes have a gill of meal, or the equivalent in roots, daily, in addition to their long fodder.

BREEDING SOWS AND STORE PIGS.—Attend to the feeding of these, and be sure to allow them ample materials to work up into manure. A hog is said to be a dirty beast and loves to wallow in the mire; but he delights in a clean, dry, warm bed, and thrives best when these comforts are provided him. If a mixture of charcoal, and rotten wood and ashes are kept in a dry trough to which he can have constant access, he will be his own doctor:

☞ Unjust resentment is always the fiercest.